

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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DAD'S STORY

Along about the time I was thinking of a newspaper, Mr. Morgan got an order to report for Special Investigator at some other reservation and to turn the Coivilie Agency over to Mr. Upchurch. Soon after Upchurch showed up Morgan's man was relieved at Incheleum. I can't remember all the preliminaries. But things leak out after years. Mr. Upchurch asked if I still wanted the job at Incheleum. I thought I did. He told me he could get it for me at \$900 per year, with the usual perquisites—house furnished, fuel, lights, everything excepting what one ate and put on one's back.

The previous salary had been \$1200 per year and I did not want to take a position that had the salary reduced just when I was taking it over. I wonder if I should have been any better off had I taken the place at Incheleum. But that stubborn streak in me forbade my taking the job at the reduced salary. Of course, at that time, though the base salary was \$900 it would have paid considerable more because we were all getting something more than the straight salary.

I turned that offer down and none other showed up until I had arrived at Banks and was working on The Banks Herald. I think I told you how Phil Garber left Nespelem in April and took over management of the paper for what was to have been the two of us. It did not pan out just that way but that was the intention at the time. After I had been at Banks a little while they offered me a transfer to the Warm Springs reservation in Oregon, at the day school one passes by when going south from Wapinitia. I never could remember its name.

Well, when we got ready to leave Nespelem they sent the big truck to take our goods out to the railroad station. We did not have much, the Indian Bureau having furnished our quarters while in the Service. But books made a heavy load though they do not bulk up much. About all we had was books. They are scattered all over the place even now, some are rather valuable, but not to any great extent.

I tried to sell some of them to the public school board before leaving the Indian Service but they would not have them. I offered them an Encyclopedia Britannica eleventh edition but they thought it out of date. Well, perhaps it is, but the things that are in it, the truths, never change. What need for a new edition that has the latest in radiopathy, or X-ray treatment for cancer? The things that are added will more than half of them be proven untrue. An encyclopedia is good only for the everlasting truth, for a scientific magazine or a tabloid newspaper, it has mighty little value. I still have my 11th edition and when I want to look up anything in it I usually find what I want to know and have the assurance that what it tells me is correct.

Say, I've studied that edition more in the last three years on printing than I did before buying a print shop. Perhaps had I studied that encyclopedia a little more and had less egotism I might now be in a far different business than printing. Not that printing is not all right, not at all, but that perhaps my peculiar ideas might have discovered something that was better suited to them. You never can tell.

That trip from Nespelem to Banks took us five days. We left the Reservation and most everyone turned out to see us off though there was not so universal an interest shown as had been exhibited when we were about to start to Michigan. Times had changed. That was 1921 and we went to Michigan in 1918. Then the folks there thought Portland just a little way but Michigan was way back there in that big unknown space which always sort of awes one—I guess that must explain the matter.

This time we ate our lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Gray. They bade us a fond goodbye after lunch and away we went. I hardly remember where we spent that first night but think

The SNAPSHOT GUILD DO OUR EYES BETRAY US?

PICTURE-TAKERS are often surprised to discover that, although the camera lens is just a piece of inanimate glass, it sees things the human eye does not.

Actually, in a given scene the same images reach the eye as the lens but while they all reach the camera film some of them do not register on the brain. Does the eye betray us? No, it is because the mind tends to select from the images received by the eye those in which it is most interested and to reject or disregard the rest.

This is something to remember when you get ready to take a picture. Neither the lens nor the film selects. Together they record everything the light transmits. Hence, the disconcerting things that often appear in a photograph because the mind disregarded them when the shutter was snapped—objects that in the print stand out with startling emphasis and which you would almost swear never could have been there.

For example, so many snapshots of landscapes are marred by the appearance of telegraph wires streaking across the sky, not to mention the telegraph poles, or by sign boards and unsightly buildings that went unnoticed when the picture was snapped, jarring a composition that would be otherwise appealing because of the natural beauty of the scene. Or, often in interior views of a home, objects in disorder that were not particularly noticeable when the picture was taken, will make themselves startlingly evident in the photograph. Such a thing as a table cover slightly awry, or a newspaper underneath a chair, or mantel-piece objects that may happen to be disarranged will attract unexpected attention in the print. And who has not seen a charming likeness of a person almost made ridiculous by the appearance of an incongruous object in the picture, such as a sign on a store window, some animal that has wandered into focus, unnoticed, or some grinning spectator in the background?

One of the things that often give us surprises in snapshots of persons is a strong shadow across the face, which in the print spoils a good likeness. In taking such a picture, our imagination fills in the dark area satisfactorily, but remember that the camera lens has no imagination.

It is near Wilson Creek. It seems to have been at an auto camp, such as they had then, a shed housing a gas plate, some outdoor houses, some tables and benches, with a stand pipe where one could get water—that was about the best equipment one found. How different now: neat little cottages, furnished with every modern convenience, baths, lights, heat, a fully equipped kitchen and beds—that might lure even those who were not weary to sleep.

The next night we camped near Yakima. An old Indian and his squaw came along and camped for a time right near our domicile. At first they were shy, as are most of the race, but when I began talking Chinook they perked up and became quite friendly. From there we drove almost to Goldendale and camped in the Horse Heaven country. Nothing to report only that next day near noon we came to the Columbia at Maryhill and crossed on a ferry, run by a gas engine. That was the first one of the sort I think I ever rode on, though the one at Vantage may have been propelled by the same means. We ate lunch in Oregon, just this side of the Deschutes river.

From there we detoured. It makes me think of the Irishman who was driving through this country and he came to a service station and began to cuss the French. When asked what was the matter with the French he said, "Ye just oughta see the roads that fella Detour is making—back a ways, it's enough to make St. Patrick swear." Well, we have done some travelling across the country and back twice, and up and down the coast from Seattle to California, and I think it safe to say that with very few exceptions I never have tried to negotiate such roads as they sent us over on that detour. They were working all along on the Columbia River highway and though we got down to the river at The Dalles just long enough to drive the length of the town, we were immediately sent up the hills again.

Perhaps it will tell you what we were doing when we say that from the Deschutes river at just a little past noon to just this side of Hood River at dark of that June day may not seem hard driving but I am free to confess that I never did much harder driving. And I've done some that I would not like to repeat.

Anyway we made camp at dark just this side of Hood



Shadows will fool the eye, but not the camera lens. The photographer's own shadow did not seem important when he took this picture, but look at the result.

Again, we often let our own shadow barge into the picture, as in the snapshot of the decorative lady above who appears to be standing on somebody's head.

The moral is that when you take a picture, first make your eye the camera lens and your brain the film; then you will know before you shoot exactly what is going to show in the picture.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

was a service station attendant who told us to go out Jefferson street.

We got part way up the Canyon and had a big notice to turn around and go back. But we kept on to the top of the hill. I knew I'd never climb such a hill in getting to Beaverton on the train or again on the stage. But a fellow at the top of the hill told us that we were going the right direction and so we came on.

From Beaverton to Banks there was no trouble and I do not think that we inquired again. We drove up to the Herald Office in Banks and Phil came out. Then he got on the running board and piloted us to his house. Florence held up her hands as though to ward off some calamity. I suppose we were a sight. Hungry, cross, wet, dirty, we piled out and lay down on the grass beside the house to rest. The rain had stopped while we were between Forest Grove and Banks. At Forest Grove we had stopped to buy a little something for the children to eat.

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. E. A. Taylor and daughters spent part of last week at Delake.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McKell left Friday for a ten day vacation on the Melolus river.

Miss Gertrude Matzke accompanied a group of friends on a week-end vacation to the Santiam river near Detroit.

Mrs. Della Conklin of Seattle, Wn., was a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goyt Thursday and Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Funk and family left last week for Ukiah in Eastern Oregon, where they will make their home.

Virginia and John Huson left with their aunt Miss Vee Noble of Portland, Sunday morning, for a week's vacation at Taft.

Mrs. Omer Idso and children Paul and Faith of Whitefish, Montana, are spending several weeks visiting with Mrs. Idso's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Watts.

Miss Harriet West, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry West of Raleigh, left this week with a group of delegates of the Walther League for Houston, Texas, to attend the Walther League convention of the Lutheran

church. She expects to visit in New Orleans, La., before returning.

Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Metzler, Miss Marian Metzler, Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Talbert and children and Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Welsh spent the week end at the Talbert cottage at Bay Ocean.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Garnett, Eileen, Arnold and Paul Garnett, Mrs. Geo. N. Taylor, Douglas, Kenneth and Lyman Taylor, and the R. B. Deoney family picnicked on Gales Creek on the fourth of July.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Y. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Wilson, Richard Goyt, Vernon Bronkey, Paul, Tom, and Lewis Wilson spent the week-end at the summer home of Mrs. Wilson's mother near Tacoma, Wash.

Mrs. M. C. McKecher left Monday evening for a two weeks' visit in San Francisco. She was accompanied by Mrs. Jean Larkin of Oakland, Calif., who has been visiting with her daughter at Rockspur the past two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Weed and little son of Boulder City, Nev., are here for a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends in Beaverton and Portland. Mr. Weed is in the landscape department of the Boulder dam project.

On Oregon Farms

Delay Pruning Walnuts Advised

Albany—Walnut growers should not be too eager to prune trees as a result of the damage which may have occurred from the freeze of last winter, believes County Agent F. C. Mullen. Many trees that first appeared to be killed are now sending out small shoots along the trunk and throughout the branches, he says, and it is expected that these new sprouts will develop into limbs which may be retained, but one cannot be sure now which of the sprouts will produce a strong branch later in the summer. It is natural for the root system to have an outlet for food manufactured, Mullen says, and no damage will be done the trees if all the sprouts are allowed to grow and the dead branches not removed.

Polk Forms D.H.I. Association Dallas—The first dairy herd improvement association to operate in Polk county for a good

many years has recently been organized, with Dick DeJong of Ballston as president and H. N. Dickinson of Independence as vice-president, reports County Agent J. R. Beck. George A. Woods is a secretary-treasurer, and these officers, with Fred Werth of Willamina and M. B. Findley of Rickreall comprise the board of directors. Ivan Eskaldson is tester for the new group.

POWER

Foot-Power—You need that today, just as did the early Christians who went everywhere preaching the Gospel—the Good News that God had a Son who died for your sins. The big blessing comes when you use foot-power and hunt up the one who never heard.

Head-Power: Use all you have and with it take on all the Bible you can. "My Word shall not return to me void," says God. And of the Scriptures Christ said—"These are they that speak of Me." And He also said, "And if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Use your head-power; show Him lifted up, crucified, punished for sin. The holy God meets sinful man there at the Cross on which the Son of Glory died.

Heart-Power: You may be eloquent but still you are nothing but sounding brass and clanging cymbal unless you have this heart-power. Mr. Sinful breaks down when he senses it. You are moved to plead with him because eternal love has overflowed into your heart! Not that we loved God but that he loved us and gave his Son to die for us.

Knee-Power: That brings in all these and what other powers you need to become the fruitful branch. Haven't the courage to foot it over to the neighbor and tell him the Good News? Use your knee power. Use it day by day; neighbor's blood is on your hands until you tell him. If he goes out; lost and you kept silent—then was to him and loss of eternal reward to you.

Don't know how to tell him? Then knee power again. Haven't the heart for it? Then more

knee power. "Herein is my Father glorified, that you bear much fruit; so shall you be my disciples," says our Lord. Geo. N. Taylor, Beaverton, Oregon.—Paid adv.

The Oregonian

Great Newspaper of the Northwest

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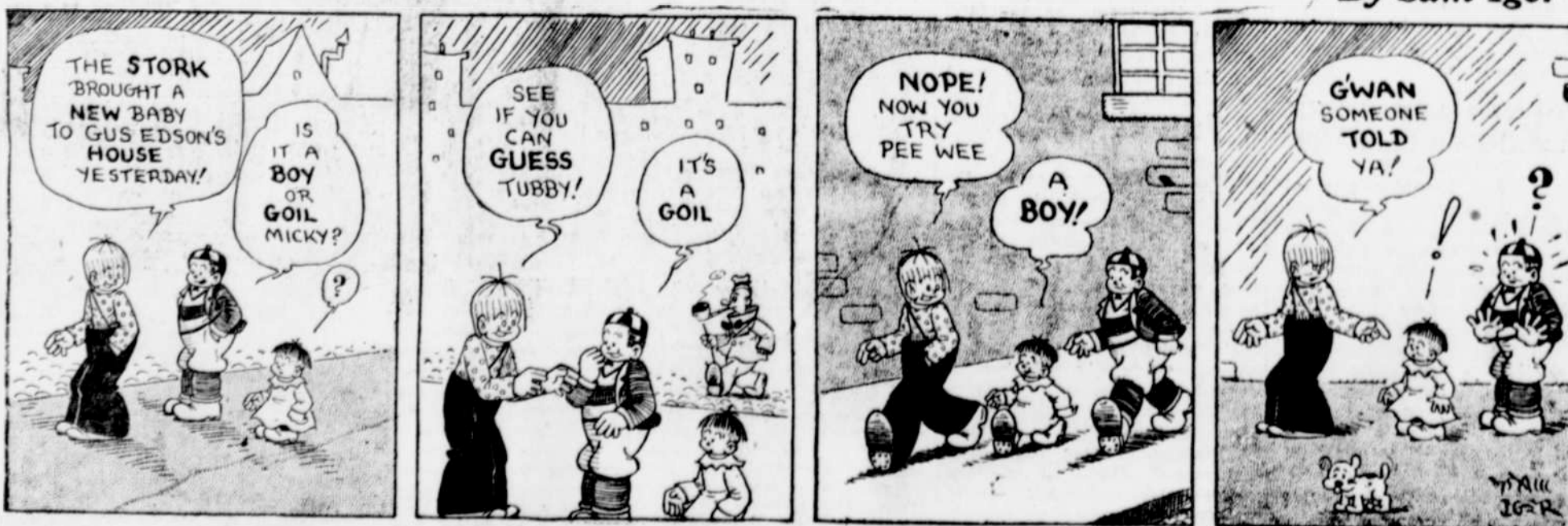
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Whistling Through the Graveyard



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"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Iger

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